

Being the Sea-mans return from *Jamaica*: Or, the lovely Lasses late Lamentation for the long absence of her dearest beloved Friend

A Voyage to *Jamaica* he pretends:
But at his comming home makes her amends.

To an excellent new tune, called, my Love is gone to Bohemy, or, wet and weary.



There was a Maid as I heard tell
Which fell in desperation,
She lov'd a Young-man passing well,
Which brought her in vexation:
The Young-man had the Maid beguil'd,
The matter so was carried,
For he had gotten her with Child
before that they were married (moan,
Which caus'd this Maid to make great
and often times to speak so,
My belly is up and my heart is down,
and my Love is gone to *Jamaica*.
He was my joy and hearts delight,
and well my mind contented,
But now he's gone out of my sight,
I sorely am tormented:
Whilst he with me was living here,
heere he knows I lov'd him dearly,
But now my heart will burst with care,
it toucht th me so nearly,
I sigh I sob, and I make great moan,
the cause wherefore I speak so. &c.

My Love was wondrous kind and free,
when as first he came a wooing,
And many good quilts he gave to me,
because he would be doing:
My Love gave me a Beaver Hat,
methought it was brave and bonny,
And a gallant Love-saucy to weare in it,
which cost five pound in money:
but now I weep and make great moan,
the reason why I speak so, &c,
My Love gave me a Silken Gown,
with rich and costly Laces,
Ther's not a braver in the Town,
it all the rest surpasses:
My Love gave me a gay gold Ring,
and Bracelets made of Amber,
He also gave me a better thing,
when he had me in his Chamber,
I sigh, I sob, and I make great moan,
the reason why I speak so,
My belly is up and my heart is down,
for my Love is gone to *Jamaica*.

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My love gave me a Poland smock
 and bid me for to weare it
 One night 't wixt ten & eleven a clock
 I'm sure he did not feare it:
 My Love gave me a feather bed,
 to lye on when I was weary
 On which he had my Maten-head
 when he had made me merry
 but since dame fortune she doth frown
 this makes me sigh and speake so,
 My belly is up and my heart is down
 and my Love is gon to Jamaica.
 And since that time I am possess'd,
 with many griefs I tell y^e
 In head, in side in back and breast,
 but chiefly in my belly:
 Oh that my love were here againe,
 I'm sure he would bestend me,
 And use a meanes to cure my pain,
 and take a course to mend me.
 I sigh, I sob, and I make great moan,
 the reason why I doe so, &c.
 If I had Icarus wings to flye,
 I doe so greatly mind him,
 When I would soone beyond the Seas,
 and seeke till I could finde him,
 If that he were in France or Spain.
 or elf in High Spaine.

I'de surely meet with him again,
 so closely would I seek for.
 The Indies and the Wildernesse,
 and hollow caves I'de seek to,
 And every place both more and lesse,
 belonging to Jamaica.
 Thus many a woful day and night
 the Damsel lay lamenting,
 Before her love appear'd in sight
 to yeld her hearts contenting:
 But mark what hapned at the last
 when she so long had mourned,
 The bonny Lad that she lov'd best,
 safely from Sea returned.
 But when she heard her true-love speak
 she knew him by his tongue Sir,
 Her heart did in her belly leap,
 and about his neck she flung Sir.
 Good Lord what kissing there was then,
 with friendly kind embraces,
 Untill the joyfull tears of them
 ran down each others faces:
 The very night when this was done
 as is for certain spoken,
 She was delivered of a Son,
 a fair and goodly token,
 Whereby she alters fit on her tune,
 her fancy made her speak so,
 My heart is up and my belly is down,
 and my Love is come from Jamaica.
 Soon after that the Seaman bold,
 he having of morny plenty,
 Cast in her lap ten pound in gold,
 and halfe crown pieces twenty:
 And since that time they married are,
 whereby their joyes are double,
 And now she sings with a merry cheer,
 being free from care and trouble.
 My sorrows all are past and gone,
 which makes me sing and speak so,
 My hart is up and my belly is down,
 and Love is come from Jamaica.

FINIS. L.P.

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